

AKOSMISM.

As one who to some long locked chamber goes,
And knows there to what the dead have said,
So are there moments when my thoughts are
led
To those dull chronicles whose pages close
Epochs and ages in the same repose.
The tales I read in the future, as the past, o'erspread;
And where but Memory may tread the dead,
Or pause the eye where once grew the rose—
The silentness of all we undertake,
That of lives are surely but the dreams
Of spirits dwelling in the distant spheres,
Who, as we die, do one by one awake.
—Edgar Allan Poe in *Reveries of a Solitary*.

MICKEY FINN'S RAFT.

Rain had been falling steadily for more than a week. Sometimes it came down in sheets, and again it fell in a slow drizzling mist which gave a depressed look to the landscape. The trees in Lindsey's wood dripped rain, and the two streams which fed Brown's pond were changed from trickling silver rivulets into roaring muddy torrents, tearing madly along between their banks.

Mickey Finn's tame crow refused to go out of doors, even when urged to do so by Mrs. Finn's boom, but sat moping and cawing hoarsely under the stove. The three little yellow goslings peeped plaintively and hid under the doorknob, but the blundering little goiter could not out of his barrel and stood in the rain, though in danger of the elements. Mrs. Finn remarked one day that she hoped he would get the "newmomy," which remark he thought uncalled for and unnecessary.

Whether the flood at Coney Island suggested it, or whether it was a deliberate attempt to incite a little biblical as well as profane history into the minds of his pupils, is a matter of no importance. At any rate, Mr. Finley, the pompous and superficial teacher of the little red schoolhouse under the hill, read the story of the deluge to his pupils one afternoon, among whom was Mickey Finn.

Little Mike was profoundly impressed with the story. As he was an imaginative boy, he lay in his little trundle bed at night listening to the patter of the rain upon the roof, and saw in fancy that great ungainly ark floating upon the waters. He pictured to himself Shem, Ham and Japheth peering anxiously out of the windows in search of the land, and to the ears of his fancy came the bleating of a many goat and the lowing of a cow.

It happened that the teacher, said nothing to his scholars about the bow set in the heavens as a sign that there should be no more flood, and so Mickey, reasoning that the earth, and especially Coney Island, was to be inundated, began to think about some means of deliverance. So troubled did he become over the momentous question that his mother noticed his abstraction. She feared that her boy was going to be ill. Still the thought of how to save his mother and father and the animals from the threatened destruction stuck to him like a burdock. At last, after hearing from Jack Deolan some incidents in the adventures of him of Robinson Crusoe, an idea came to him. He would build a raft!

"I can make it out of the rails in this Strumpy Field here," said he to himself. The idea tickled him so much that he began darning a jig in his mother's newly scrubbed kitchen, and she bowed his ears and sent him down cellar to chop some wood. Here he conceived his scheme to the nanny goat with an admiring shake of the head that she was not to tell "any one, not even the billy." He would be sure to save her and the three goslings, but the crowd could take care of himself, "because he had wings."

Mickey decided to keep his scheme a profound secret from every one, until the Jack Deolan was to know it until the raft had been completed and the flood began to come in at the kitchen door.

Although Little Mike was possessed of more of the resources of civilization than fell to the lot of Mr. Noah, the ark builder, still he was hampered by the necessity for secrecy. And so three days passed before the raft was finished. Mickey measured the raft with a top cord, and found it to be two cubits in length and one cubit and a span in width, although he did not figure according to Hebrew methods.

So pleased was Mickey with the success of his undertaking that it was only by the most herculean efforts that he restrained the secret within his bosom. There were his parents, unconscious of coming danger, and he had the means of saving them from a terrible fate. The only relief he had was daily communion with the billy goat.

"Now, Billy," he would say, "you needn't be feared. Fais, there's no harm in the raft you see, and it's all right. If you only kape still, and not be buckin' you'll not be bedrozzled like them other billy goats."

At last the day memorable in the annals of Coney Island came. The dawn was murky and gloomy. Little Mike arose with the sun and dropped softly out of the window. He was about to tell the raft to see if it was pondworthy. He first took the billy down to the pond and tied him to a bush. The nanny followed. The goslings were safely stowed away in the boy's pockets, and he left up an unassuming peg along the close confinement. The dog went along without any urging. The billy, the nanny and the dog each had a corner of the raft to itself, while the goslings were granted the freedom of the deck. Out into the muddy waters of the pond Mickey urged the raft, while the crowd dived around in wide circles overhead. The raft floated and behaved beautifully. It rode the troubled waters like Mrs. McGee's drake. The floating domestic menagerie was getting along swimmingly until that notorious gossip, Mrs. Murphy, looked out of the kitchen window and saw the raft. She uttered a yell of terror and exclaimed:

"God save us! there's that larrup Mickey Finn floatin' around on a big board with goats an' dogs, an' p'haps 'tween 'tween little valler things in 'is board! Mush, but there's goslings! Run, Paddy, an' tell 'is mother!"

In less than five minutes all the residents of the island were on the margin of the pond, including the elder Finns. Mrs. Finn was in a paroxysm of fear lest her son should be drowned, while her husband contented himself with brandishing a stout hickory stick in Mickey's direction, and threatened to use it if he did not "steer th' boat ashore."

In the meantime the sluice gate of the pond had been lifted in order to relieve the dam of too much pressure. The raft swung around into the current made by the sucking sluice gate. The dog began to howl and tug at his cord. The goslings ran hither and thither upon the raft, and their feeble peeping wrong Mrs. Finn's heart with anguish.

"Ah! werra! werra! me goslin's! I go down th' mill race!"

All the time Mickey was working with all his might with the pole, and at last succeeded in getting the raft out of the current. Encouraged by his mother's plaudits and frightened by his father's threats, he pulled the raft toward the shore on which his parents were standing. The water was falling rapidly, and the raft caught upon a post. Before Little Mike could release his ark from its precarious position it began to sink alarmingly. The dog became alarmed, and breaking loose sought refuge near the billy. This old veteran, who through all the excitement had preserved his equanimity, resented the dog's intrusion on his territory and bowed him into the pond. This roused Mrs. Finn to a paroxysm of rage. She shook her fist in the direction of the billy and shouted hoarsely while the rain beat down on her unprotected head.

"Wait till we come ashore, me laddy buck, wid yer wicked horns! Won't I faye, though! Won't I bate yer head in wid me fist!"

By this time a clothes line had been procured and the raft showed signs of breaking up.

Mr. Finn was becoming alarmed for the safety of his billy, and he cried out as he whirled the clothes line around his horns.

"Now, Mickey, grab hold of this or we'll pull yer ashore. Niver mind th' ani mils!"

But our hero was made of more heroic stuff than to desert his menagerie. He tied the rope around the nanny's body and she was drawn by a dozen willing hands, kicking and splashing, through the water. Here the rope flew through the air again and Little Mike proceeded to lasso the billy. To this the billy pronounced objection. Despite his struggles, however, the rope was secured around his horns, and with a "heave ho, altogether!" the animal was jerked into the water and towed ignominiously ashore. He landed dripping, but mad as a hornet. The crowd draped respectfully to let him go through, but Mrs. Finn, forgetful of her usual caution, ran up to the goat and shook her fist before his glowing eyes. There was a cry of alarm from the crowd, a commingling of laughter and cries of terror, a glimpse of flying skirts and a momentary station is finished, and at many other stations across the lines the work is briskly going on, and thousands of newly planted trees shoot—see *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Architect Anenkov's Gypsy Quarters.

A charming sketch of the quarters of the chief architect of the Transcaspian railroad, Gen. Anenkov, is given in *The Petersburg Zeitung*. Nearly midway between Samarcand and Amu Daria, says a correspondent of the gypsy campment on a soft of clay and gravel, stands the railway train in which we live. It consists of from forty to fifty carriages. The first carriage is the residence of Gen. Anenkov. On the lower floor are his work room, his sleeping apartment and the rooms of his secretary; on the upper floor are the quarters of the servants and interpreters. The second carriage is the general dining hall, in which from twelve to twenty persons breakfast and have dinner—namely, the officers of the railway battalion, the officials, the secretary and invited and casual visitors. The casual visitors are persons who have come by the new railway, which has not yet been publicly opened, and who are on their way further into the country. The next carriages are made into a kitchen and pantry, which is replenished by purchases at the two nearest towns and at the surrounding villages. One of the general's servants drives twice a week to Tashkent to buy white bread, vegetables and now and then excellent fish and fresh game.

The Buchara beef and mutton are very good and cheap, the natives have plenty of poultry for sale and enormous quantities of wild ducks, thousands of which have their homes on the inland lakes.

Dried fruit, rice and oatmeal are bought of the Persian traders who follow the new railway line, and Buchara melons, the excellence of which Sultan Ibn Batnia recognized as long ago as 1335, and some graminates are every day brought fresh to our doors.

The officers' carriages are charmingly decorated with carpets and rugs, which the emir has sent them. On the upper floors of their carriages their servants and grooms have their rooms, and the saddle horses live in front of the train, where they are tied to posts.

A post and telegraph office, a hospital with a doctor's residence, and a chemist's shop complete the staff quarters, besides which there are a number of carriages for soldiers and workmen. At Kail-Poto station is finished, and at many other stations across the lines the work is briskly going on, and thousands of newly planted trees shoot—see *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Washing as a High Art.

The ordinary man does not think that much skill is needed in washing clothes. He has seen them washed, and he has no doubt but what he could do it as well as anybody if he had to. He has looked with a critical eye at the washerwoman, perhaps, and as she was not pretty, but old and careworn, or decidedly black, his interest has soon died. He imagines that washing clothes simply means the throwing of them into a tub of hot water and then rubbing them up and down on a furrowed board, with a little soap to make them slippery.

This is very far from the truth. Nearly every article requires different treatment. Pillow slips and stockings, for instance, must be turned inside out before they are washed, and for exactly different reasons. Flannels must be handled delicately. Ordinary process of washing would soon make them as smooth as linen, and rob them of that delightful ability to irritate the skin that is so soothing in winter. A piece of linen marked with fruit stains must be washed by stretching the linen over the tub and pouring hot water through it, and no soap must be used until the stain disappears. If, however, the stain is of long standing, the spot should be slightly dampened and then rubbed vigorously with common yellow soap. After this it should be well starched and then exposed to the sun and air.

Articles of delicate blue should be washed in water to which sugar of lead has been added. If any article is milked, javel water will soon remove all trace of the milkweed. Any good washerwoman knows these things, and many besides that are similar, but this amount of information may help a bride or two in these June days, when brides are so plentiful.—*New York Sun*.

A Plea for Peculiarities.

Oddity is, therefore, the distinctive or distinguishing element about men, and it is to be avoided only as it is of the character, or the disagreeable sort. It is possible for a family trait to divide its quality. I know well two brothers, the one an eminent priest, a man of really magnificent power, the other a man of plebeian infinitesimals. The first is a close fist and really mean business man, but it is overpowered by his superior scholarship, the second has large scholar ship, but it is overgrown by his impetuousness. The family trait for generations has been precision in business affairs, with New England parsimony. Here it brings forth two brains very nearly equal in power, but only in one does the oddness show itself as undisguised meanness.

On the whole, I think there is nothing we may be so thankful for as peculiarities. If we are not so blessed as to be helpless and unable to exercise rational control of our powers, no harm can come from having what our neighbors have not. But the most miserable of all persons is he who fears to be original—who dreads his neighbor's sarcasm and yet cannot avoid being unlike them.—*Maurice, M. D.*

Foreign Goods in China.

The British consul at Ichang, the most western port in the Yangtze, notices in his last report that while the export of the lighter cotton goods has increased, that of the heavy and coarse textures has decreased. In the spring of last year there were rumors among the Chinese of bodily ailments, diseases of the skin, and even death being induced by wearing garments of foreign cotton stuff. In Szechuen province the story had much currency for a short time. He suggests that those who control the cotton goods trade should take means to prevent the presence of noxious or irritant matter in their goods. The alleged use of haryta and its possible effects might be worth inquiry.—*Scientific American*.

Business Is Business.

"Five cents fare for that child, madam," said a street car conductor as he opened the door and put his head into the car. "Very well," she replied, feeling in her pocket; "this is an orphan child and I am its guardian. I must have a receipt for all moneys paid out, and as soon as you write me I'll drop a nickel in the box." He shut the door and leaned over the brake like a man in deep thought.—*Empire Democrat*.

Too Boisterous.

John—What was that?
"Butter, sir."
"Butter! Why did you not chloroform it before you brought it in?"
Georgia Crackles.

DIRECTORY

OF RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

The Directory below of reliable and good business houses, giving their location and business, will be found very useful as a source of reference for information relative to the various branches of business.

Architects:

Dr. HENRY FROTHINGHAM, 178 E. Main street, between Chesapeake and Ohio and Richmond and Alleghany railroads. Special attention to architectural and interior work.

Architects:

M. J. DIMMOCK, 110 E. Main street, between Chesapeake and Ohio and Richmond and Alleghany railroads. Special attention to architectural and interior work.

Barbers:

WILLIAM H. GARDNER, 134 E. Main street, Hair cutting, dyeing, shaving and shampooing.

Bakers:

RICHMOND STEAM BAKERY, R. A. and proprietor, 118 E. Twelfth street, Wholesale and retail.

Boots and Shoes:

J. R. TEASDALE, 151 E. Main street, B. \$2.50 and \$3 men's and \$2 and \$2.50 ladies shoes.

Butchers:

WALTER E. BRAUER, stall No. 12, First Market, Smoked beef-tongues a specialty.

Carpenters and Builders:

WILLIAM G. FULLER, 119 E. Cary street, Special attention to repairing.

Carriages and Buggies:

J. A. GRABBERGER, 188 E. Franklin street, All work guaranteed.

Country Produce:

H. W. HENNING, 111 E. 11th and 12th streets, Potatoes, butter, hams, etc.

Candy Manufacturers:

OLIVER H. DYER, 414 E. Marshall street, Wholesale and retail. Sole agent for the Cherokee Cough Drops.

Canvas Goods:

Mrs. H. HANSEN, 216 E. Broad street, Lace curtains a specialty.

Contractors and Builders:

A. C. HUNTER, 205 E. Main street, and Joseph E. WINGFIELD, corner of Lamar and Broad streets.

Dairies:

WINGFIELD DAIRY, formerly Westmore, 41 N. Seventh street, 18 E. Main street, Fresh milk, cream, butter, butter milk, etc.

Druggists:

J. W. FRAYSER, 148 E. Main street, Wholesale and retail. Proprietor of Frayser's Kidney and Bladder Remedy.

Dyeing Establishments:

Mrs. A. J. PYLE, 315 N. Fifth street, Dyeing, cleaning, scouring, and carpet cleaning. Manufacturer of the Acme Renovator.

Employment Agencies:

J. P. JUSTIS, 9 N. Fifteenth street, and agents, Established 1868.

Hardware and Carriage Goods:

A. B. CLARK & SON, 150 East Main street, Agents for Imperial chisel power.

Harness and Saddlery:

W. NICK REED, 102 E. Main street, Wholesale and retail. Manufacturer and wholesale dealer.

Hay, Grain, &c.:

WALTER J. TODD, 20 N. Sixth street, Consignments of country produce solicited.

Iron Works:

ASA SNYDER & CO., 100 E. Cary Street, Richmond, Va.

Jewellers:

A. C. HIGH, 124 E. Main street, Watches and jewelry neatly repaired.

Loan Offices:

ELI Z. ABRAHAM, 10 E. Broad street, Money advanced on personal property. Office closed from Friday at sundown to Saturday.

Locksmiths:

JOSEPH DELANEY, 70 E. Main street, and Locking and repairing of all kinds of machinery. Models for patents.

Lumber:

JOSEPH E. WINGFIELD, dealer in lumber and all kinds of building materials and general building trades. Bill lumber cut to order. Office, corner of Broad and Lamar streets, Richmond, Va.

Marble Workers:

WALLER & WRAY, Seventh and Grace streets, Monuments, tombs, marbleized mantels, etc.

Mattress Manufacturers:

ADAM DIACONT, 28 E. Marshall street, Wholesale and retail. Repairing neatly and promptly done.

Mineral Water Bottlers:

CITY BOTTLING HOUSE, 40 W. P. street, Manufacturers of Vanilla Soda Water and mineral waters.

Paints, Oils, &c.:

RICHMOND PAINT STORE, S. E. Broad street, Paints, oils, glazes, and painters' supplies.

Paper Hanging:

S. J. DAVIS, 28 N. Ninth street, Sewing, painting, oil-painting, and paper hanging.

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Through tickets to above named points on sale on steamer and at Garber's Agency, No. 100 Main street. Baggage checked through STATE ROOMS ENLARGED FOR DAY OR NIGHT.

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